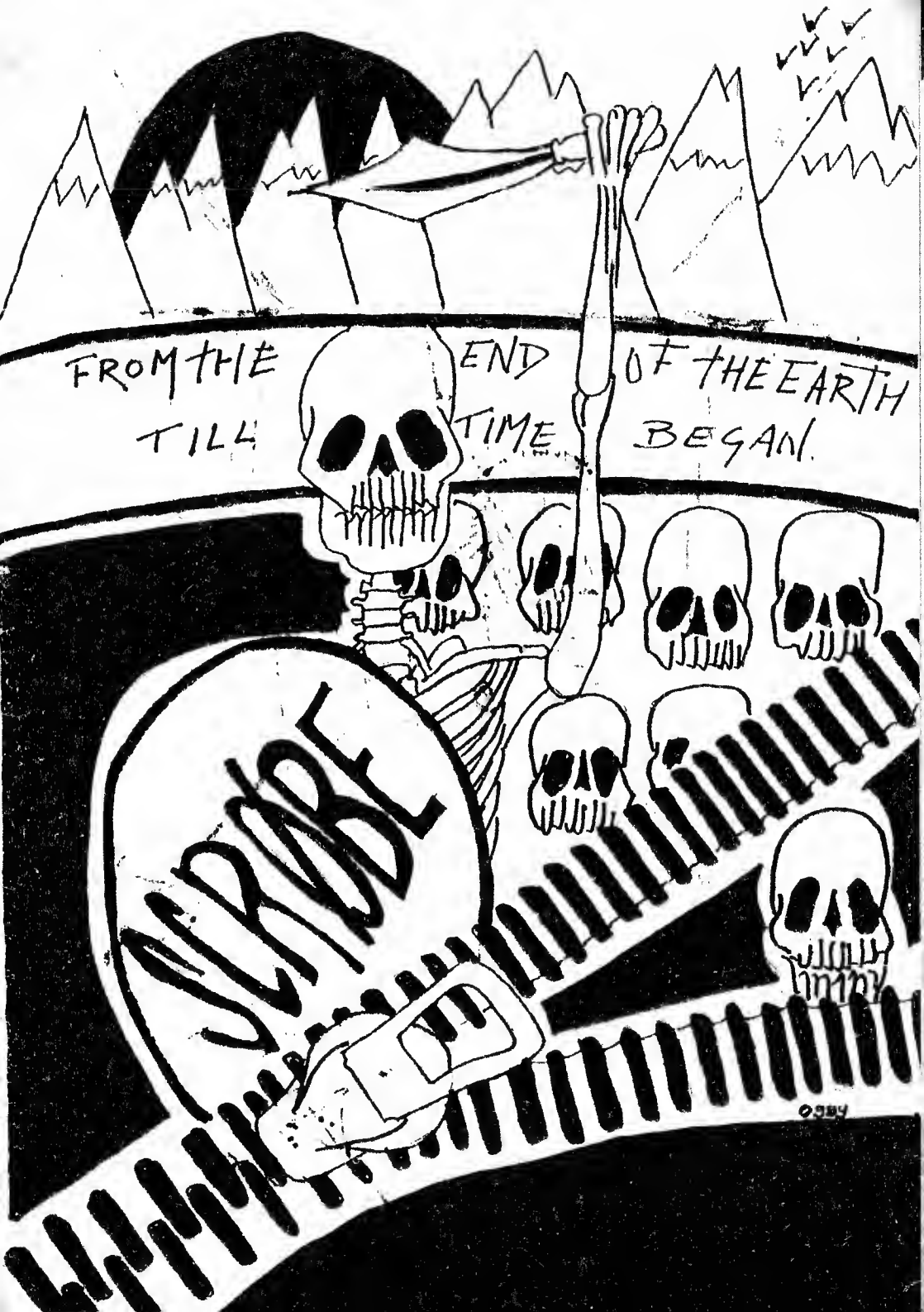

FROM THE END OF THE EARTH
TILL TIME BEGAN.
SCRIBE

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

84

POEMS, SCRIBES AND OGGY

THIS BOOKLET WAS TO BE BROUGHT OUT AT THE END OF N°3 BUT DUE TO A CHANGE IN PLAN ITS BEEN PUT INTO N°5 WHICH IN MY VIEW HAS BEEN WELL WORTH IT.

AFTER SEEING ONE OF OGGYS POEMS IN ECHOES OF HIROSHIMA 2 I THOUGHT ITS ABOUT TIME OGGY WAS GIVING THE CHANCE TO PUT HIS POEMS ON PAPER. AND SO THE WISH WAS TO BE COME REALITY.....

.....PLEASE READ ON.....

THANX TRUNT

FOR MORE INFO ON OGGY AND HIS POEMS SEND TO..... OGG, 53 TOWER HILL, WHITEHAVEN CUMBRIA.

THE UNIVERSE, THE PRISON OF YOUR OWN BRAIN."

FROM THE END OF THE EARTH TILL TIME BEGAN.

THE DARK SARCASM OF THE RUINED TEMPLES .

IS ENLIGHTENED BY A NEW WORLD.

A NEW WORLD IN THE CLOUDS.

ITS MOUNTAINS AND SUN BLEND UNTO ONE.

AND SECRET OF LIFE IS ENCASSED FOR LIFE.

BY THE CLASPS OF GRANITES SUPERBITY.

EACH WARRIOR BEFORE HAS HUNTED THE PREY.

THROUGH DARK OF NIGHT TILL DAWN OF DAY.

BUT THE SECRET CAN NEVER BE CLASPED BY MAN.

FROM THE END OF EARTH OR TILL TIME BEGAN.

OGGY....

JUSTIFICATION.

PERPETUAL DARKNESS ENGULFED IN FLAMES

THE MOCKING BIRD SINGS ALTHOUGH IT STILL RAINS

FIELDS OF ANGUISH RAPPED IN SORROW

STILL BORN LIVES WAIT FOR TOMORROW

GENETIC WARFARE OF THE DEVILS REGIME

WOUNDED SOILDER CANNOT RECALL WHAT HE HAS SEEN

THE CRUCIFICTION OF HERO HAS NEVER BEEN FORGOTTEN

WHILE THE CORPSES OF MEN LIE STREWN AND ROTTEN

BRIGADEERS COMMANDANTS SARGEANTS STAND IN HONOUR

AS BODIES ROLL BY IN UNION JACK BANNER

JUSTIFICATION CAN NEVER BE TOLD

FOR MEN SO STRONG FOGOTTEN AND BOLD...

OGGY...

DEATH IN A NEEDLE.

WOMAN OF THE EIGHTIES.

LACE UP BOOTS AND PEROXIDE HAIR.
WOMAN OF THE EIGHTIES SHE DON'T CARE
DRUGS AND DRINK BECOME HER LIFE.
SHE DON'T WANT TO BE ONE WIFE.
ALL SHE WANTS IS ETERNAL YOUTH.
BEHIND HER EYES SHE'LL HIDE THE TRUTH

BUT COMETH THE DAY WHEN ALL SHALL BE TOLD.
IN THE MORGUE LIES THE BODY STIFF AND COLD.
THE MONSTERS HAVE COME TO TAKE THE KEY.
TO UNLOCK THE TALE OF THE RAGDEDY.
THE GATES SHALL OPEN, UNINVITING
WHILE HOLLOWS OPEN HOT AND STIFFLING
A TEAR TRICKLES FROM AN ONLOOKING EYE.
AS WOMAN OF THE EIGHTIES SCREAMS
HER LAST GOODBYE...

OGGY

HUNT TO THE DEATH

A SIP OF LIQUER ABOAST AND A JOKE
GLEAMING LEATHER AND SCARLET COATS
THE PATHETIC TONE OF THE HUNTING HORN
RASPS IT'S TONELESS MELODY ACROSS ITS
HUNTING GROUNDS.

"TALLY HO!"
THE POUNDING OF HOOVES ACROSS THE MEADOW
TOWARDS THE WOODS PERHAPS A FOX THERE.
BASKING IN THE SUN AMONGST THE WOODLANDS
CHORUS.
THE FOX'S TRANQUILITY IS ABRUPTLY BROCKEN
BY THE BAYING OF BLOOD LUSTED HOUNDS
FRIGHTENED TO DEATH IT RUNS FOR ITS LIFE
THROUGH DITCHES HOLLOWS. AGONGY AND STRIFE.
CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE HOUNDS ON
ITS TAIL.

IT STUMBLES, FALLS LOSES ITS STEP
AT THE FEET OF THE HOUNDS
IT MEETS ITS DEATH.....

OGGY

THE PUB //

THE STENCH OF BEER CLASPS THE AIR

THE BLOUSES CUT AS LOW AS THEY DARE

STAGGERING DRUNKENS EMBRACING PAIRS

THE JUMPING JUKEBOX WITH ITS GOLDEN OLDIES

THE MACHO MEN AND SNIVELLING CRAWLERS

THE SILENT OLD MAN WHOSE LOSING HIS HAIR

SMOKE WAFTS ACROSS THE TAINTED GLASSES

THE BINGO PLAYERS SITTING GASSING

THEN IT STOPS THE BAND TAKE THE STAGE

THE PUB UNLISHES ITS OPPISITE PAGE

THE CHORDS SLICE THROUGH THE STIFFLING AIR

THE FOLLOWERS JUMP UP WITHOUT NO CARE

THE SINGER SHOWS HIS INNER EMMOTION

ULEASHES IT OUT CAUSES A COMMOTION

ONLY THE FIRST SONG THE CROWD HAVE GONE WILD

THE DRUMMER RUNS OF LIKE A FRIGHTENED CHILD

THE PA IS SMASHED ENGULFED IN FLAMES

WHO DID IT WHO IS TO BLAME

GUITARS ARE SMASHED DRUMS ARE BROCKEN.

LEADS ARE SNAPPED THE AMPS ARE SOAKEN.

THE DOORS SMASH OPEN ITS THE S.P.G.

THEY CLEAN OUT THE PUB ARREST A FEW.

NOBODY KNOWS QUITE WHAT TO DO.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT ,THE GROUP DISSAPEAR.

THE CROWD DISSPERCE MORE POLICE APPEAR.

WHILE JUST ANOTHER NIGHT...

OGGY

"WHAT EVER YOU ARE,
BE A GOOD ONE"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE SPELLBINDER.

DARK IS THE NIGHT THAT HOLDS YOU STILL.

PRINCE OF DARKNESS AGAINST YOUR WILL.

FASTER AND FASTER HIS RHYTHM OF DEATH.

INTO YOUR SOUL YOU TAKE HIS BREATH.

GARGOYLES AND DEMONS BECON YOU INWARDS.

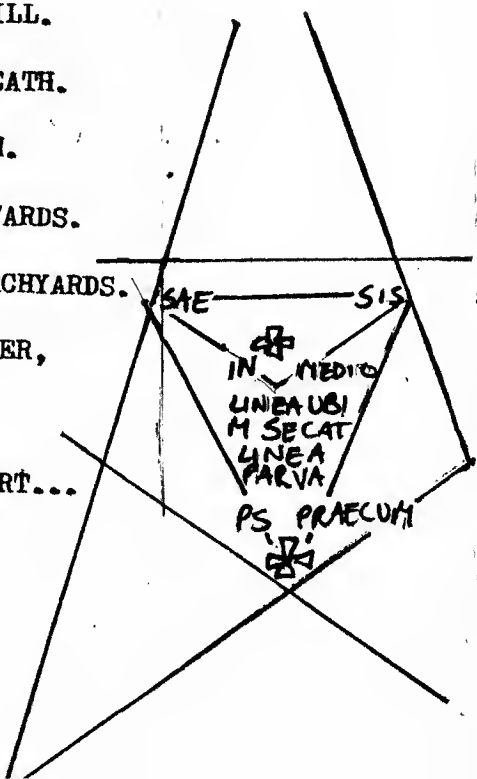
LAUGHTER SCREAMS FROM DISTANT CHURCHYARDS.

BEWITCHED IS YOUR SOUL TAKEN FOREVER,

AND EVER AND EVER,FOREVER.

TILL DEATH DO NOLONGER TAKE US APART...

OGGY.,.



ALL ARTWORK AND POEMS BY OGGY.

THANX TO TRUNT AND SCROBE EMPIRES.

AND EACH AND EVERYONE OF SEVEN DEADLY SINS, ANARCHISM AND THE DEAD.

OGGY

XXX